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南洋女子中學校
Nanyang Girls' High School

**Mid-Year Examination 2017
Secondary Three**

Advanced Literature (HP)

2 hours

Monday

8 May 2017

1115 hrs – 1315 hrs

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

1. Write your name on your answer script.
2. Use **dark blue or black ink**.
3. Do not use correction fluid / tape.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

1. Answer **both Question 1 (Section A) and Question 2 (Section B)**.
2. Begin your answer to Section B on a **fresh** sheet of paper.
3. Number your answers clearly.
4. You are reminded of the need for good English and **legible** handwriting.

Setter:
V Heng

This document consists of 5 printed pages,
including this cover page.

[Turn over]

SECTION A: SET TEXT [30 marks]

A Streetcar Named Desire – Tennessee Williams

1. Read the extract below and answer the question that follows.

More laughter and shouts of parting come from the men. Stanley throws the screen door of the kitchen open and comes in. He is of medium height, about five feet eight or nine, and strongly, compactly built. Animal joy in his being is implicit in all his movements and attitudes. Since earliest manhood the centre of his life has been pleasure with women, the giving and taking of it, not with weak indulgence, dependently, but with the power and pride of a richly feathered male bird among hens. Branching out from this complete and satisfying centre are all the auxiliary channels of his life, such as his heartiness with men, his appreciation of rough humour, his love of good drink and food and games, his car, his radio, everything that is his, that bears his emblem of the gaudy seed-bearer. He sizes women up at a glance, with sexual classifications, crude images flashing into his mind and determining the way he smiles at them.

BLANCHE: [*drawing involuntarily back from his stare*] You must be Stanley. I'm Blanche. 15

STANLEY: Stella's sister?

BLANCHE: Yes.

STANLEY: H'lo. Where's the little woman?

BLANCHE: In the bathroom. 20

STANLEY: Oh. Didn't know you were coming in town.

BLANCHE: I—uh—

STANLEY: Where you from, Blanche?

BLANCHE: Why, I—live in Laurel. 25

He has crossed to the closet and removed the whiskey bottle.

STANLEY: In Laurel, huh? Oh, yeah. Yeah, in Laurel, that's right. Not in my territory. Liquor goes fast in hot weather. [*He holds the bottle to the light to observe its depletion.*] Have a shot? 30

BLANCHE: No, I—rarely touch it.

STANLEY: Some people rarely touch it, but it touches them often.

BLANCHE [*faintly*]: Ha-ha.

STANLEY: My clothes're stickin' to me. Do you mind if I make myself comfortable? [*He starts to remove his shirt.*] 35

BLANCHE: Please, please do.

STANLEY: Be comfortable is my motto.

BLANCHE: It's mine too. It's hard to stay looking fresh. I haven't washed or even powdered my face and—here you are!

STANLEY: You know you can catch cold sitting around in damp things, especially when you been exercising hard like bowling is. You're a teacher, aren't you? 40

BLANCHE: Yes

STANLEY: What do you teach, Blanche?

BLANCHE: English.

STANLEY: I never was a very good English student. How long you here for, Blanche? 45

BLANCHE: I—don't know yet.

STANLEY: You going to shack up here?

BLANCHE: I thought I would if it's not inconvenient for you all.

STANLEY: Good.

BLANCHE: Travelling wears me out. 50
STANLEY: Well, take it easy.

A cat screeches near the window. Blanche springs up.

BLANCHE: What's that? 55

STANLEY: Cats...Hey, Stella!

STELLA [faintly, from the bathroom]: Yes, Stanley.

STANLEY: Haven't fallen in, have you? [*He grins at BLANCHE. She tries unsuccessfully to smile back. There is a silence.*] I'm afraid I'll strike you as being the unrefined type. Stella's spoke of you a good deal. You were married once, weren't you? 60

The music of the polka rises up, faint in the distance.

BLANCHE: Yes. When I was quite young.

STANLEY: What happened? 65

BLANCHE: The boy—the boy died. [*She sinks back down.*] I'm afraid I'm—going to be sick!

Her head falls on her arms.

70

Extract from *A Streetcar Named Desire* – Tennessee Williams
(from Scene II)

- (a) What does the extract reveal about the relationship between Stanley and Blanche?
- (b) With reference to character and plot development, explain how this extract contributes to your understanding of one of the themes of the play. You should include references to other parts of the play to substantiate your response.

[Please turn over]

SECTION B: LITERARY RESPONSE [30 marks]

2. Read the texts below and answer the question that follows.

(i)

The Good Morrow

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? Were we not weaned till then?
But sucked on country pleasures, childish?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers'¹ den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies² be.

If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.
And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love, all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.

Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown,
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.
My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres,
Without sharp north, without declining west?

Whatever dies, was not mixed equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none do slacken, none can die.

John Donne (1633)

¹ Seven Sleepers alludes to the legendary group of Christian children who were walled up alive in a cave because of religious persecution. Instead of dying, these children slept and survived, before waking when someone un-bricked the entrance hundreds of years later and found them alive and well.

² "fancies" refers to unreal illusions

(ii)

Tender Mercies

For W.H. Auden

Love, no one's enemy, forgiving all
who dare its rapids with even half an ore,
the angel in the house, the medic at the war—
for penance or pardon, they yearn to fall.
My land, the cunning; my word, the power.
My clock keeps running and spilling the hours
that are nobody's burden, everyone's load.
Somewhere in that sandglass love is stowed,
shifting and settling, in creases, in corners,
in the feet of the bellman, in the grip of the mourners.
It's the best sort of trouble (everyone has a story).
Every heart has a myth that keeps it from glory.
It's a beast and a bother, a landslide of hurts,
yet a feast, and the only halo that fits.

Diane Ackerman (2000)

- (a) With reference to imagery and perspective, compare and contrast the poets' treatment of the subject of love.
- (b) Say which of the poems you prefer, making clear the reason(s) for your choice.